

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### DICK UNEXPECTEDLY RETURNS

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If ever any one was thankful for small mercies it was I when Mother Waverly decided she would not be able to come over to dinner and spend the evening. She was very peevish that Mollie had gone out without consulting her.

There you have the attitude of so many old people, little book. They want to stay home and enjoy the

quiet and maybe want to go to bed at 9 o'clock and they want you to do the same. Aunt Mary is not like this, however. She did no task any questions when I asked her if she would go with Mollie and Jim to the theater. She said "Yes" immediately, although I know it was some little effort for her.

After they had all gone and I had made sure that Mother Waverly nor any one else was coming over, I called up the hospital in ———, asked them if they could tell me where Mr. Waverly was stopping. They answered that "Mr. John Waverly had left the hospital two days ago and they supposed he was going to his home in ———. Mr. Richard Waverly left the city three days ago for his home."

My heart stopped beating.

Where was Dick? Could it be possible that he had been killed in some out-of-the-way place? A chill that made my teeth rattle took possession of me. I could hardly get away from the telephone. I had no one to tell my troubles to, as I could not burden Mollie with mine when her's were so hard to bear. I managed to get undressed and into bed, where even after I had gotten a hot water bottle and piled more coverings over me I still continued to shiver and shake. I began to be afraid as I thought of myself in the apartment all alone. I wondered if I should send for Dr. Atwater, but finally decided to wait until Aunt Mary came back.

Of course, little book, countless women have experienced that horrible chill which seems to strike the heart and paralyze the nerves, but it was the first time in my healthy life that I had done so and it seemed to me that I was going to die there all alone. I began to cry weakly when all at once I heard a key in the latch of the front door. My tremors turned to terror, I was sure that burglars

### RUNNING NEWSPAPER IS THIS GIRL'S JOB



TILLIE HOLMES

Kenosha, Wis.—Miss Tillie Holmes is only 20 years old, but old enough to edit and publish a newspaper—the "Volksfreund," one of the most influential German newspapers in Wisconsin.

When Miss Holmes was a little girl she played editor in her father's office. When she was a big girl she was assistant editor. When her father died last January she took complete control of the newspaper plant.